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1921

The Cascade Metre

or

Poems

Pertaining to Oregon



THE CASCADE METRE
or
Poems Pertaining to Oregon

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by
BRO. MICHAEL DUNN, O. S. B.

(Price 35c per copy)

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FOREWORD

In these days of national reconstruction, following in the wake of international distruction; it is well that the rising generation should have a more poetical conception of the beauties of nature around them, and broader views of humanity in general.

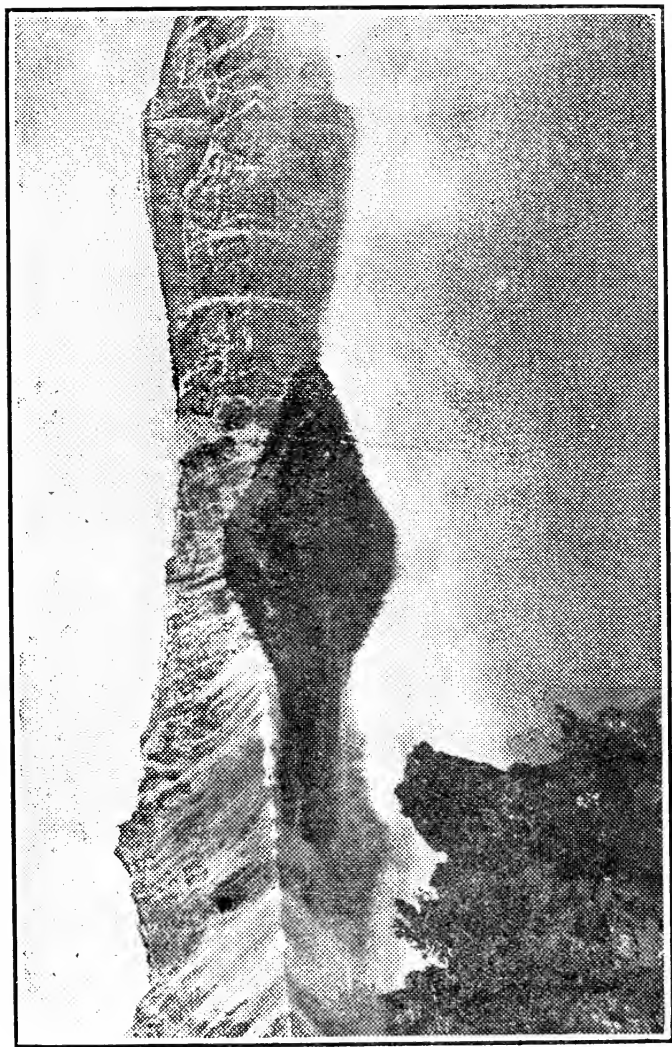
Poetry is not always a thin fabric woven with the warp and woof of dreams; dissolving like a cloud at the first ray of sunshine; yea, rather it is a species of cloth of gold either adorning the edges of a personality, or the literature of a nation.

It is the soul expression of minds traveling at a rate swifter than the ordinary individual; flying at an altitude higher than the migratory birds; and catching sparks from the "Muse" in the higher ether of thought where the time-honored facts of religion and philosophy are mystically hammered on the anvil of Truth.

The following poems were written during the spare moments of a busy life, and the average reader is earnestly exhorted to peruse them.

No better injunction could be given, than the inspiring one given to St. Augustine in the fourth century; when he heard those mysterious words emanating from an invisible source: "Tolle Lege!" "Tolle Lege!" "Take and read."

—*The Author*



Crater Lake: 4 miles wide, 6 miles long, 2000 feet deep, 6177 feet above sea level.

THE CASCADE METRE

Apart from the crowd, and the madden'd throng
That rush to all gates ajar;
I list to a brook, to its murmur'd song—
Sweet chant of the things afar.

Where the hills roll up, and the streams run down
'Mid dews to the ocean's breast;
Here a thought gets ripe, as a berry brown—
One gleam of the sunset West.

Here the rain-clouds float, as a goodly throng
O'er fields with a green-clad vest;
But the "Muse" and I, climb the hills along
The trail of the "anapest."

Not the slow-wing flap of the buzzard's flight
O'er the Cascade range to swing;
But a pen-point trace, as a feather bright
When dropp'd from an angel's wing.

Through the dews of life on the Cascade hills,
Walks the "Maid" in sweet content;
And her tracks are found 'twixt the flowing rills
And the star environment.

Here the snow-capp'd mountains pierce the zone
Where the fleet of foot may climb;
But this list'ner here in the monotone,
Hears nought but the "Maid's" sweet rhyme.

Not the coldest steel to the magnet lode
Is held by a strange caress;

For the warmest thought of the oldest code—
Is a Homer wi-re-less!

On the tower'd shelf of the mountains' cap
Are the purest dews concealed,
And the spirit streams on no listed map
Have the brightest gems concealed.

Here the convex earth, and the planets' rush
Keep time to each moving cell;
But the angels' wings have a "Coelo" hush—
And scent of the asphodel.

Like the blue eggs still in a robin's nest
Hung up in a tree-top high,
May I trust these lines to an ink-clad test,
Ere they plume their wings to fly.

Thus, my nectar drink—what the "Muse" distills
On each mountain, mead, or plain;
For to live my life on the Cascade Hills—
Or die on the hills of Pain!

McLOUGHLIN: FATHER OF OREGON
(Echoes of the Willamette Falls)

How long I've rushed the lime-stone rock
No man can tell by time's dull clock,
Or reckon by electric shock
 Half hidden in my tale;
I only know that white men came
To seek the trout and mountain game,
And cultivate for world fame
 The great Willamette Vale.

One white man here upon my banks,
Is numbered in the foremost ranks
Of them that sue for nation thanks
 With deeds of chivalry;
McLoughlin from Canadian coast,
Who saved in wilds the starving host,
And nourish'd at the "Trading Post"
 Of fur-clad rivalry.

My gurgling waters in his ear,
Repeated with a friendly cheer—
That drives from man his servile fear—
 Then rais'd him from despond;
To white men from Missouri plains
He gave the seed—the golden grains—
Yet he the man of inner pains,
 The whitest in the land!

To Oregon he gave a birth,
And white men knew his sterling worth
Ere sorrows of the "dual" earth
 O'erflowed his noble soul;

Willamette banks his olivet;
Where perfidy is touching yet
The goodly deed we can't forget
 As long as time shall roll.

Electric streams are rushing fast,
To carry light upon the blast,
Like some unseen "Iconoclast"
 In watery turmoil;
But light of history outward peeps,
And moral echoes climb the steeps
Where John McLoughlin slumb'ring sleeps
 At rest from all his toil.

Bright waters from the sparkling rills,
And dew-drops from the distant hills
Uniting here in day-light thrills
 The spray of charity;
Electric streamlets upward start,
To brighten still each hidden part,
And show to men McLoughlin's heart
 Shock'd by humanity!

TITULAR—ABBOT ADELHELM IN CHURCH HISTORY

(Born Dec. 10, 1844 at Stans, Switzerland, and died
as Titular Abbot of St. Benedict's Abbey Nov. 6 1920)

In the Arts of Peace, on the earth below,
Where the works of God advance;
We see in the light of an Alpine glow
The "Pax" of a boy from Stans.

O'er the seas afar, from the land of Tell
To this sunset land he came;
And his heart rang true as a silver bell—
With his Faith a living flame.

He came to the Coast on a Mission quest
With the Benedictine Law;
For to Found a Home in the new-born West—
A "Shrine" by the Abiqua!

In the dismal swamp that he found afloat
With the atheistic ghouls;
You can trace the sail of a Peter's Boat
In the town of Christian Schools.

He went to the homes of the poor and lone
With grace of a cheery smile,
And each sick man knew by his ardent tone
That his heart was free of guile.

No road was too long, and no night too dark
For him of the zealous breath;
When he sought the light of a soul-clad spark
Pursued by the Angel Death.

He spoke to the crowd, and all hearts were stirr'd
As the spirits turned to flee;
Like the demons turned at the Saviour's word—
To swine in the Gallilee!

In the prison cells of the earth below,
With the suff'ring Church confined;
For the souls alight in that golden glow—
Long, long, he had daily mined!

With the light of Faith as their atmosphere,
And sin as their only load;
Well those 'prisoned souls knew his *"Sestet" prayer
Far down on the "Dante" Road!

He has passed away from the scenes of man,
To scenes of a wider zone;
But the mourner here, still the thoughts may ken—
To the atheist unknown.

As a shaft he sped in his ardent quest
With a sacrificial cheer;
But an Abbey tells in the sunset West—
That the Founder's "Pax" is here!

(*Six times Pater, Ave, and Gloria.)

AT ST. BENEDICT, OREGON

Where the hills roll up to the mountain peaks,
And the rain-drops cup in its joy bespeaks
 The birth of an infant stream;
There Mt. Hood looks down, from a Cascade crown
With a peaceful smile, on a stately Pile—
 Alight in a sunset gleam.

Where the Cross glints high in the Western sky,
And the atmosphere makes the "Pax" appear
 As a symbol stone of worth;
With the Munich Bust, as a God-like trust
To watch from a niche, on a landscape rich
 In the green Willamette Vale.

Here the fir trees green make the woodland scene
Betray 'mid the hills, here the flowing rills
 To speak with a day-light cheer;
Where the Indian old, here from times untold,
Had worshipped One, in the morning sun—
 That God of the pioneer.

Lo! the Andesite, in a Christian light;
That its faith fulfills, as the rain instills
 The green in the grassy sod;
And the "Black-gowns" work, ne'er the task will shirk,
Till the Oregon rolls, with a wealth of souls
 Afar, to the Home of God!

CRATER LAKE

(A link in the mountain chain)

Ensclosed in the mountain fastness,
Fair Lake of the crater birth;
Who called thee forth from the vastness
From the fertile womb of earth?

Half hid in the rocks primeval
As a mountain coronet;
Thou art thus removed from evil—
Like cell of an anchoret.

Unique with the living creatures
Unknown on the broader plain;
Yet, linked with thy virile features
To glint in a mountain chain.

In each sunlit coruscation
That plays in the light and shade;
You can feel the adumbration
On thy surface here displayed.

In your water elocution
Deep down where the winds are mute;
You are thus an inland ocean
That no surface streams pollute.

In the present generation
Men watch, on your surface clear;
But what of the adulation
Of the early pioneer?

He had crossed the plains as feeling
The "dance" of the bison reels—
With the march of Empire, stealing
A ride, on his ox-cart wheels!

Ere he sought the scent of mountains,
Or the Rockies' wave divide;
You were fed by cloudlet fountains,
And smiled as a Cascade bride.

Ere the ship—the "Mayflower" entered,
And docked on the Plymouth shore;
You were then as now charm centered
Where the "Crater" gleamed no more!

Ere a sailor crossed the ocean
With his ships, the dauntless Three;
You were there with fond devotion
To the hills' tranquility.

Ere the Red Man saw the lonely
Deep flocs of the Behring Sea;
Like him you had lost in the briny—
All trace of your history.

Ere the Pyramids empurpled
A sailor boy on the Nile—
You were then as now encircled
With a Cascade mountain smile!

In your crystal depths men ponder
'Neath shade of the Douglas Firs;
While the maids and matrons wonder
At a depth that's more than theirs.

Fair Lake of the Cascade sweetness
Where feet of the earthquake trod;
You are thus in full completeness—
A "Gem" in the hand of God!

TO THE FIRST "TUFA" CHURCH IN OREGON

Fair child of the Cascade reaches,
Long hid on the dust frontier;
Your voice is a song that preaches
As a Cascade pioneer.

Sweet child of the mountain fastness,
To speak where your words recount
Of a solemn Christmas vastness,
Or the Sermon on the Mount.

From the fields of mountain slumber
Where a "Magnus" found your face;
Now the men of science wonder
As you speak to the populace.

You are here no dull misnomer
For men with their efforts pooled;
In the daylight dream of E. Kroner,
Or the force of A. Warren Gould.

Fair "Tufa" pile of the wildwood,
Long searched in a science quest;
By the river plains of Sellwood
You will stand the acid test.

As the unborn children ponder
Deep thoughts in this "Tufa" Shrine
May their throbbing hearts surrender
To peace of the Babe Divine.

Not the fire-proof lumber story
Alone, in the Cruciform;

But the hidden veils of glory
 Afloat in a mystic form.

Near waves of the blue Willamette
 With its silt and surface dross,
May they learn the sweetest gamut
In the music of the Cross.

May they view those things supernal,
 In a solemn azure sphere;
As they move to things eternal—
 Like a Magdalena tear.

May their passion waves be stiller,
 And their conscience chant more plain;
In this church without a pillar,
 And the stone without a grain.

GLIMPSES OF ST. BENEDICT'S ABBEY

(With apologies to the New Road)

At the head of navigation
On the trans-Mt. Angel Road,
Stands a Home of transmigration
To a newer high abode;
And the Highway now is finished
With the curves and white cement,
And the traffic undiminished
Seeks the green environment.

Not the sight that was volcanic—
Where it rolled a lava stream—
But a Home and school organic
For a student and his theme;
O'er the mountain border'd meadows
Where your eyes can daily sail;
Are the tree-top gleaming shadows
Of the sweet Willamette Vale!

From the tow-path of Time's highway
Comes the oft unbidden guest,
Ere his longing seeks a by-way
To this "Mecca" of the West;
Yet 'tis oft-times he is freighted
With a load that's more than dream
And his light-clad soul is weighted
With his conscience for a theme.

From the fields of gay-clad portals,
He may come to browse a while;
For to watch the wee immortals
That the demons fain would rile:

Yet, Mt. Hood looks down upon him
In the Eastern halo'd sky,
Though the "Silver Falls" may shun him
With a cold averted eye.

Here the hope of living mortals
Is a shade that's ever green,
And the highway to those portals
Is a transformation scene;
Not the fields of bleak agnostics,
Where all weeds of passion start;
But a garden—Faith's acoustics—
That God plants within the heart.

So the Highway now is finished
With the curves and white cement,
And the traffic undiminished
Seeks the green environment;
From the fields of strong endeavor
As a guest you're welcome in;
And on Satan's head forever
You can dump your load of sin!

THE ANGEL GUARDIAN

(In the garden of St. Benedict is a Guardian Angel holding a child by the hand, and both figures are wrought in Carrara marble).

Across the "Mount," the orb of day,
Pours out his light in bold display
 Above the hills of morn;
Fair herald of the gladsome East,
To burnish now the last and least
 Of tender buds new-born.

In forest glades the wildings meet
The pressure of thy daylight feet,
 With light and joy to blend;
Yet, in a garden that I know,
Carrara forms a morning glow
 For me to comprehend.

Where hills roll up to heights above,
An angel points to scenes of love—
 Out to the Orient;
And Cloister walls as dimly gray,
Bends 'neath the cross in bold display
 To gild earth's firmament.

This is a garden hedg'd around,
Where flow'rets hear the tuneful sound
 Proceeding from the choir;
And here the Guardian Angel mild,
Holds by the hand an orphan child
And points to heaven higher.

The mountains gild the rosy East,
As morn displays the great High Priest
 Within those blessed walls;
For on the altar as we pass,
The bell recalls in Holy Mass—
 His presence that enthralls.

Dear Guardian Angel wrought in stone,
Were I that child with thee alone
 Upon this mundane sphere;
How gladly would those saving wings,
Transport me from all earthly things
 Beyond the marge of here!

For souls on earth a guardian dear—
In woodland space, or ocean mere
 Companion is to man;
Each raylet in its morning vest,
Is but a shade—a “Blue Print” test
 In God’s divinest plan!

SOME FEATURES OF MOUNT ANGEL

(Written in January 1916)

Where the scent of the broad Pacific
Is felt at your sunset door,
And the green of your fields prolific
Is fed from the self-same store;
There the scenes of the by-gone wildwood
That the owl and beaver tell,
Is a place where the Oregon childhood
Can drink at a "living" well.

Dull were the scenes of the wildwood here,
As known in their morning dress;
When Filmore dwelt in its old-time cheer—
A "spot" in the wilderness;
But a stranger came with an open hand—
A winning smile on his lips—
A "Black Robe" true for to bless the land,
That "Black-beard" far from the Alps.

Some people might think it a mystery
In those thirty years or more,
But your names are wrote in the history
With pages read at your door;
Looking back to the scenes of the marshes
And views of the forest then;
To the trees that have gone to ashes
And Babes that have grown to men!

Of the forest past you may lightly speak,
Or sum up its long-lost dates;
But its fame has gone with your name unique
Afar in the annals of States;

Could a view of the hills be choicer
Where the Cascade Range looks down,
On an Abbey, and College, and Cloister—
The “Roots” of your home-made town?

Now a Church here stands in splendor—
To the Cascade view the best—
With your former Pastor’s strong endeavor
The pride of the great Northwest;
’Neath the shade of its tow’ring steeple—
And its sermons sung in stone—
Is Faith in the hearts of the people
Where “Deutsch” is bred in the bone!

Here you are blessed in this “sunset” town
That’s good for the old or young,
You have the name of a high renown
That in distant States is sung;
From here you can start with a Christian pass—
As all transit means avail—
To heaven high in the daily Mass,
Or to any place else by “Rail!”

But the stranger that came from a far land,
Still watches o’er you with a pray’r;
And the “Crosses” now seen are a “garland”
As wreaths for his silver’d hair;
Some day he will stop the prayerful toil
Ere he starts for a distant shore
The self-same heart, and the self-same smile,
But the “black-beard” seen no more!

These then, as the salient features go,
Is seen in your city framed;

And the joy of God's fairest creatures know
For them is Mount Angel named;
With the Convent, and Abbey, and Pastor
That work for your souls' true worth;
With the Church, the soil, and the Cloister,
Is your "garden spot" on Earth!

THE OREGON MIST

As the wild winds roam,
On the ocean's foam
Afar, from the great South Seas;
Then the pressure high
In the misty sky,
Must come in the South-West breeze.

Let the winds now break
On the great intake;
The stretch of the Oregon strand;
Till the mist must roll
Like a blanket scroll
On the hills of this sunset land.

Have you sought the mist
In the loving tryst
That your eyes should now descry?
For all nature gay
Loves the rain-drops sway,
That rules from a liberal sky.

As the days grow long,
And the Mermaid's song
Is heard in the Oregon Mist;
Sing a song of cheer
To the rain-drops here,
As the Maid's new wintry tryst.

To the boys in blue
Of an Eastern hue,
Who dwell in the sunset vale;

You should ply your trade
Like the misty "Maid"
And hark to her home-made tale.

When the long March days
Lift the valley haze
High over the tree-tops shade;
Then the grasses green—
Willamette's sheen—
Can tell how the plot was laid.

When the leafy June
Brings the bees to "spoon"
Where the clover-blossoms blow;
Then the honey sweet
On their nimble feet
Makes the freighted load to stow.

So list to the tale
In each fruitful vale
Where the swaying clover grows;
Till two blades of grass
Shall bow as you pass
Where the milk and honey flows.

CHRISTMAS AT ST. BENEDICT.

What sound is heard among the trees,
Some critic now may ask?
These are angelic melodies—
The group is at their task.

They celebrate an ancient rite
Upon this hill of song:
Their harps are clad in spirit light—
And you may listen long.

For once upon a hillside brown
Where shepherds listed them—
They sang that song of high renown
The song of "Bethlehem"!

The text was drawn from heaven high—
All glory to the Three—
And peace to men that can apply
Their will to set them free.

The Masses that in triplicate
Are said this Blessed morn;
Are partly for to extirpate
The world's Herodial scorn.

The song that angels sang on earth
Above the Blessed Cave;
Is sang again at the rebirth
Of Him who came to save.

“QUEEN OF ANGELS” CONVENT BELLS.

With a willing hand, and a heart as bland
For to strike a sort of gamut;
Is my mild refrain, of the grassy plain—
The Vale of the great Williamette.

Here the grasses green, are a native screen
To buds on the Convent forum;
And the tall fir trees, hold their limbs at ease,
With a value “ad valorem.”

From the Alpine peaks, where an echo speaks
From a “Rickenbach” saint-haunted—
Came a pioneer, in the eighties here,
And the Convent walls were planted.

Here the growth was good, near the vernal wood
’Mid the Cascade sentries Eastward;
And the Nuns of peace, saw their own increase
In the psalms as rolling upward.

Thus “Helvetia” land, sent the little band
From the Alpine stock recruited:
Yet, the dress they wore, on the self-same score
As the “Dove” Subiaco suited.

From the country side, flows the youthful tide
To this home of self-reliance;
And the maids at school learn the Christian rule
And the art—domestic science.

But the native dells hear the chapel bells
And the watchers are appointed,

When they rise with love, as Subiaco's dove
For to pray to Christ annointed.
Yet, each change of time does not change their rhyme
Or grate on that higher action;
For the Master there seeks a fervent prayer
As free from all human faction.

In this fertile vale, may the bell-clad tale
Of the Queen of Angels sounding—
Be an hour prayer, on the peaceful air,
With the Cascades here surrounding.

'Neath that cross-clad roof, is the warp and woof
For the cloth of gold adorning;
As the sun's bright rays in the East displays
Its gold in the early morning.

May the bells resound to the hills around,
Like the voice of music pealing;
And the call to prayer, be a spirit glare—
What the Master is revealing!

THE RIVER ABIQUA.

No small "pappoose" is here today
 To cry his fond desires;
No Indian brave in feathers gay
 To light his council fires.

Although no Chief in "daffodils"
 We have one handsome "squaw"—
As running through the Cascade hills
 Her name is "Abiqua."

Long years before the white man came
 She was a timid maid—
As wooing but the mountain game
 In some primeval glade.

But now her treasures she imparts,
 To all who seek her smiles—
In cooling shade of nature's arts
 Her pleasant voice beguiles.

Like freedom of the "Sunset West,"
 Is her contortion act;
Where gliding from the Cascade crest
 She throws one "cataract."

Along her banks the verdure green
 Is restful to the eye;
As hast'ning the Willamette's sheen
 Is e'er our home-made joy.

Meand'ring down her winding ways
 Like flight of startled quail,

She sings perpetual twilight lays—
“O, sweet Willamette Vale!”

Each flow’ret bloom along her banks
Is honey to the bee,
And tree-top birds returning thanks
Make mountain melody.

Those princes here, the stately firs
That sentinel her banks;
May bring afar, those mountain airs
To Oriental ranks.

Fair maiden of the Cascade dells
Reflecting lights of “Hood:”
How cooling are your drinking wells
In all the vernal wood!

Your presence is a factor now
For this my day-light dream—
As “dew-drop” from the mountain’s brow
Lost in the “Pudding” stream.

Sweet “Siwash” maid, what treasures thine.
Gaug’d by Willamette rules?
To give the great Pacific brine
Your mountain molecules!

THE GREEN WILLAMETTE VALE

Pacific waters feel the breeze,
That roaming from the great South Seas,
Proclaims the current "Japanese"

That warms this latitude:
But I must catch the spirit waves—
Unruffled by prosaic staves—
That now as musicale still laves
Upon my solitude.

The mountains of the coastal Range
Proclaim to ocean that a change
Is being wrought, that will derange
The native water-shed:
The white man with his axe and saw,
Outstrips the beaver with his paw
To break the code of forest law
Inscribed above his head.

The sighing winds must now deplore
The falling crowns upon the shore,
Where peace had entered by the door
Of realistic dream;
The sentries cry aloud to "Hood,"
Who looks upon the vernal wood,
And weeps alone in solitude—
To build the sylvan stream.

AT MOUNT TABOR—PEACE!

(Mt. Tabor is a Convent of the Precious Blood in the suburbs
of Portland.)

High-brow'd above the vernal green,
In smiles of sunlit morn;
Mt. Hood looks down upon a scene
Where roses gild a "Thorn;"
The thorn is on Mt. Tabor high,
Where roses deck the plain;
As hedg'd within the Cloister nigh,
The "Brides of Christ" remain.

Out to the East, in sunlit rays
The blue Columbia rolls,
And near its murky shipyard "Ways"
A freight of human souls;
In verdure of the pastures green
They browse insensate joy,
But odors of Mt. Tabor scene
To them do not apply.

The broader highway is to them
A route to "Shepherd's Dell,"
But not a starlit "Bethlehem"
Of what the shepherds tell:
It speaks not of the other fold,
With love and joy intense;
But of the slipping underworld—
Their five-fold active sense.

But human nature built to share
This plan of God on earth;

Is speaking .from Mt. Tabor there
 What mortal souls are worth:
The hedges green in symmetry
 But gives an outward sign;
Where "Gard'ner" of Gethsemane
 Still prunes each growing vine.

The cloister'd roses blooming there
 In contemplation grand;
Regales upon the upper air
 A fragrance on its strand:
This "Cage" of souls in their balloon
 Where silent pray'r has lease,
Still swings beneath the harvest moon
 Those fledgling "Doves of Peace!"

IN MEMORIAM

(Rev. Paul Manion, O. S. B.)

Through Faith and Hope and Love sublime
We glide along through years of time—

Uncertain years:

We toil for body and for soul,
We play on earth our simple roll
Till death appears.

Such is the life for one and all,
Such was the fate for Father Paul—

A destiny:

His was a gentle, saintly soul,
With gift of song in deep control
And sympathy.

O! Paul of Tarsus in thy might,
Lead on his soul with kindly light
To heaven's door;
And may his memory brightly burn
Within our hearts, a sacred Urn
For evermore!

DEATH OF FATHER PAUL—FIRST ANNIVERSARY

(Died July 15th 1914)

Sojourner here in this "Vale of tears
Where weight unknown of the coming years
 Abides for one and all:
Just one short year on the lapse of time,
Where memory's tear, and the season's chime
 The death of Father Paul.

'Tis not for us in the present tense,
To murmur now of the consequence—
 A steed's erratic course:
Too hard the rocks for his gentle heart
Made swift the blow, for his soul to part
 With Death the angel nurse.

His soul has fled from the haunts of men,
Yet lives a life where his facile pen
 Portray'd the lines of truth:
Those lines as fair as the rolling hills,
Or limpid streams of the mountain rills
 Of Sacerdotal youth.

His life though short as a songster here,
Had touch'd the chord where a higher cheer
 Imbues the hearts of men;
For music sweet as a sunset glow
Still melts the chill on the plains below—
 That music of his pen.

Perhaps, his soul, in a cleansing fire,
Is burning now with a strong desire

To see the God of love:
For pain below is a cleansing tool
That burns out sin, as a "Golden Rule"
To reach the heights above.

We ask you thus, and the readers all—
For the song-clad soul of Father Paul—
To offer now your pray'r:
When death will play, then, its last Fiat—
On the holy plains of "Josephat"—
Some day you'll meet him there!

PERENNIAL FLOW

Near margent lands with warm sub-tropic smile
The Gulf Stream rises in perennial flow,
And there unlocks from coast of Mexico
The Equatorial heat; to thus beguile
The yearning vegetation on some distant Isle,
And pierce the iceberg that the Esquimaux
Saw reeling down amid the glacier flow,
With century etchings of its Arctic toil.

Adown the inner lands of Palestine,
The "Dead Sea" felt the thrill where Magi Star
Once glistened on the coast of Galilee:
There Christ still warm—internal heat Divine,
Diffused to all the Seven Seas afar—
With His "Gulf Stream" to warm humanity!

EVAPORATED SUNSHINE

(Written at St. Mary's Sanatorium, Tucson, Ariz., in December, 1910.)

Where the cactus blooms by moonlight
In its home-made tailor clothes;
And a hundred more by sunlight
In the desert also grows:
There the Sisters of St. Joseph—
For thirty years or more—
Have been hushing back their patients,
Ere they enter at Death's door.

Where the Tucson valley stretches
Till the mountains make it yawn,
And the germicide of ages
Then approaches with the dawn:
There the Sisters have the climate
That they freely give to you,
With the sunshine as they mine it
For all "Lungers" that are true.

Here they buy the clime by acres,
And they sell it by the pound;
Yet they can't supply all "takers"
In their Sanatorium round:
Note the Arizona zephyr
In its disinfecting course;
Thus each sun-ray is a doctor,
And each zephyr a train'd nurse.

Here the air is legal tender,
For all "Lungers" out of tune;

'Mid the traces of November
Is the sunshine like to June:
For the Nuns are sunshine allies
When the skies are overcast,
From the broad Missouri valleys
They have brought enough to last!

Then be moving down to Tucson
All ye "Lungers" from the North,
For to seek the clime's effusion
While its joy is gushing forth;
May the cactus help your vision
And the climate make you strong,
Till your health will make impression
Like the accent of my song!

THE CALL OF THE OREGON TREES

Out in the thrill of the Western breeze,
Out where the call of the peaceful seas
Is echoing loud in the great tall trees

That were blazed by Lewis-Clarke:
It is here the land has a gentle roll,
It is here the plants have a living scroll
That will etch right into your burnish'd soul
When the harvest moon is dark.

You have heard the call of the Western wild,
Like the distant cry of a lon'ly child
When the night was still and the climate mild—
Yet warmed by the peaceful sea:

But you never heard of the rolling hills,
And you never read of the lakes and rills
That can here be seen with their daylight thrills
And charm with their melody.

It is here the birds in the tree-tops high
Sing a lilt so gay in the azure sky
That the angels come in their winged joy
For to hear the latest tune:

For the birds are up when the mist is down,
As all nature moves when her morning gown
Is trailed in the dew of some home-made town
When the time is leafy June.

On the tracks that run from the bare-back East,
Are the coaches clean—for to say the least—
That will bring you here to the daily feast
Of the Oregon scenes in view:

If you don't come now you are color blind,
For as Lewis and Clarke were another kind
To the treeless plains they had left behind—
Thus their trees are calling you!

SUNSET ON THE OREGON COAST

Liquid gold on the waters spilt,
Leaves attuned to the blackbirds' lilt
 Where the headland's curve is sharp;
Lightning born in a distant cloud,
Color scheme in the fields once plowed,
 Yet, green as an Irish Harp.

Lum'nous scene at the end of day,
Stubble and sod in the even play
 With guests of a higher rank;
Music floats on the peaceful brine,
Globules float, where the homeward kine
 Are fresh from the clover bank.

Birds a-bush, with their songs half told,
Sands aglow, with their liquid gold
 Unknown at a Sutter's mill:
Prospects here in the beauty shows,
Meadow mists that the farmer knows
 Is gold in his home made till.

Peaceful light on the ocean wave,
Ship Ahoy! with a freight to save
 From grip of some wild monsoon:
Stars agleam in their lover lanes,
Darkness grows, and the sunset wanes,
 As merged in the silver moon.

Sunset moves on the convex form,
Daylight slips from the fields yet warm

Awaiting the future dawn:
Clouds are coming to intervene,
Eyelids droop, and I leave the scene
With the silver moon in pawn.

ECHOES AROUND THE GOLDEN GATE

Insurgent waves from the Orient, here touch
at the Golden Gate;
And echoes loud from the distant past, like
sea-shell songs reverberate.

Each wavelet as it breaks in force, a thrill
on the rocky lea;
Is but as the monsoon moanings, adrift from
the China Sea.

Each comber as it disembarks, with its gift
of tidal cheer;
Is but repeating what was said for many a
thousand year.

And water nymphs on the flowing tide, in
necromancer throngs
Are echoing far to the sea-tuned ear, the
South Sea Idyll songs.

But the living visions on the land, where the
human echoes roll;
Fling back to the wild insurgent depths:
"You are born without a soul!"

So the seal rocks here romantic, in a grim
Pacific mood
Throw back all the human accents, of the
by-gone multitude.

They came from the East, they came from the West
And they came around the Horn,

Till a tidal wave of human joy beat up to
the newly born.

They had found a treasure in valley glades, and
gold at a Sutter's mill,
And the "forty-niner" searched the hills,
with a pick and placer skill.

He has passed away from the gilt-edge scenes,
that rang with his golden store,
But his soul is somewhere in the realms, on
the great eternal shore.

And the Mission Indian lived and loved, ere the tread
of pale-face chief,
As the ancient faith was planted here, with
the Padres' strong belief.

Not a trace of the yellow portal, was then
on the higher tide;
But the gleam of things immortal, to gleam
from a Serra's stride.

Portola passed by the Guadalupe, where the
Padres toiled and won;
But he stowed no gold in the copper chest
Of the disappearing Galleon.

Marcello came from the mountain heights, with
his giant form to trace
The stretch of the Alameda, as last of the
Mission race.

Then the poets came in the offing, and
 their echoes still resound
From the Santa Clara valley, to the loved
 Assisian's ground.

Bret Harte with his vivid pictures, in the art
 of strong display;
And their colored tones of nature, that will live
 to a future day.

And a Stoddard fresh from the gleanings of the
 golden harvest sheaves;
Bedecked with the cloth of the Islands, that
 only a poet weaves.

A Miller high on the summit, wrought his
 treasured golden lore;
With a music high o'er breakers, that is
 known from shore to shore.

And last to enlist in the muse's call, and
 thrill with his facile pen:
A Markham to stand by a teachers desk, and
 live with his fellow men.

He had written the titled: "Man with the hoe,"
 and the echoes still resound—
That he was a product of the soil, with his
 life above the ground.

Thus the lone Marcello's pleadings, and the
 Miners' golden scroll;
Are echoing still to the world, that each
 had a human soul.

DREAMS OF YOUTH

Youth is but a fond fruition
Of a God's creative love,
And through fields of earth condition
We must e'er with nature move.

Dreams of youth are but the vapor
On life's ever flowing sea;
With each soul a ready taper
For to light humanity.

When the dawn of reason enters
With its footprints in our soul,
We should be as bright inventors
For to keep that beauty whole.

On the stream of life as flowing
Onward, to its own deep sea;
Surges at its last outgoing—
Echoes of eternity.

Dreams of youth are passing vapors
Ere the dawn of a perfect day,
And that dawn will light the tapers—
When we live with God for aye.

A JUBILEE OF PEACE

(Written for the occasion—Silver Jubilee of 4 Brothers)

With God, and Time, and nature's goad,
We travel on the narrow road
 That leads to life intense:
We pave that road with little acts;
Mosaic stones of daily facts
 For future consequence.

But Time with all its tinsel show,
Has gilded on our lives below
 A "Jubilee" to share—
Those marks of time, that now bespeak
Its hieroglyphics on our cheek;
 Its silver in our hair.

What brought us here from many lands?
What brought us here with willing hands
 And hearts in unison?
We came afar from over seas,
The holy will of God to please,
 And cloth of Christ to don.

Perhaps, some snow-clad avalanche,
That cut its own imperial trench
 Afar, in distant clime;
Had called you from your boyish play,
And waked to life a minstrel lay
 With deep religious chime?

Perhaps it was near Alpine peak,
Where nature's grander moods still speak
 Above the larch and pine?
There elemental harvest yields
Its garner'd ice, of glacier fields
 To source the flowing Rhine.

Perchance, it was on Austrian plain,
Where battle-scarr'd the soldier slain
 Yields up his youthful life?
You heard the call that angels sing,
The bugle-call of heaven's King,
 Afar, from war and strife.

Or was it on that known terrain,
Where hills and vales spell out Lorraine,
 That saw your youth advance?
Near "Mausoleum" sacred bones,
Of men that left vacated thrones
 As Kings and Saints of France!

The land is there and mem'ries too,
That rush upon your distant view
 Across the lapse of years:
Where bubbling hope as youth instills,
Forced streamlets from the native hills
 To wash your cradle tears.

Perchance those hills, romantic there;
Had heard in glee your ardent pray'r
 Pour'd out to God on high!
Or angels on some rocky crest,
Had longed for strong intentions best
 To float unto the sky.

The voice of God, Divine, Supreme;
Was present to your daylight dream,
 High in that upper air—
That voice above the "Matterhorn,"
And sweeter than the "Alpen Horn"
 Or mountain "yodle" there.

Thus, then, equipped with Faith Divine,
And Hope that lingers in its line
 At God's own high bequest;
You started with your souls to save,
Still glinting o'er the briny wave—
 Columbus-like, due West!

Then to the West, the Golden West,
Your mottoed "Crux" you forward press'd
 Unto this sunset shore—
'Mid snow-clad peaks contiguous,
'Mid native tribes indigenous,
 Ye found "San Salvador!"

The trees that bowed at your approach,
Knew nought in fear at your encroach
 Upon primeval glades;
Yet, saplings in the forest born,
Then gave their dust, that wheat and corn
 Might multiply their blades.

Upon this mound—this Holy Hill—
Re-echoed here at heaven's will
 The psalms of David speak:
Where ages long above those stones,
Resounded once the "ritual" tones
 Of some long dead "Cacique."

Such was the call of willing hands,
Unshackled by the five-fold bands
Of strong religious ties:
Yet, in the freedom of the West,
Those virgin lands are God-careessed
‘Neath bright Pacific skies.

In midnight skies—electric here—
Redemption’s Sign of Christian cheer
Its light of glory sheds:
While near below in sympathy,
One cheering word for you and me—
The “Pax” above our heads!

But Time is gliding on apace,
And sweeping still the human race
With measur’d cadence flow:
The moments now like cataracts,
Pour down with strong erosive acts,
To gild our lives below.

The hills here yawn in mountain glee,
And shores still hold upon our lea
The great Pacific brine—
But creatures we, as tempest-toss’d;
With God and Time have safely cross’d
Our life’s Merid’an Line!

Yet, onward there; on life’s great sea,
Our ship and freight sails merrily
To reach its final goal—
Yea, sailing on through storm and calm,
And swifter still with pray’r and psalm
The “Trade Winds” of the soul!

How long shall each as "voyageur,"
Still plough the waves, and commandeer
All glory due to God?
How long till thus each mortal frame,
Be hidden with the insect fame
To fructify the sod?

For turning o'er the bible page,
The same is seen in ev'ry age
Like one Primeval Tree:
Till light of grace in gleaming parts;
A "Horeb's" light within our hearts—
The "Burning Bush" we see!

Not unto us prophetic voice,
Not unto us a leader's choice
As Moses of the Nile—
Yea, rather sweet ecstatic joys,
That may be seen with virgin eyes,
Like John on Patmos' Isle!

Strong Pharoh hosts embattle still,
The chariot hordes—at heaven's will—
Of Demon cavalry:
With water walls upon our side,
And light of grace to be our guide,
We cross our own "Red Sea!"

But demon hordes of land and mere,
Still Paroah-like now interfere
To wreak on us distress—
Primordial trials that Aaron stay'd,
Beneath the hill where Moses pray'd
Out in the "Wilderness."

With light of Faith as still imbued,
The "Burning Bush" is here renewed—
 This holy ground we tread;
And counting for the "Forty" years,
The Cross above at night appears,
 At morn the "Manna" spread!

How slow in youth the step of Time?
How light it fell in ringing chime
 Upon each daylight dream?
But now we see youth's overthrow,
And watch Time's thrill—its overflow—
 Run like a mountain stream!

In bloom of youth 'mid childish toys
We saw that stream, its fountain joys
 Gush from a thousand springs;
But now in age we drag our load,
And watch behind a "Roman Road"—
 Paved with a million things!

O! joyous race 'neath heaven's arch!
Your glory of triumphal march
 Is but as half discerned;
For nature with her fading bloom,
Holds still the armor'd weaving loom
 In which we are interned.

Poor nature nurse, O Poverelle!"
How long shall your dull prison cell
 Conceal the living soul?
Or, how shall pain, or something worse,
Conceal you as the "Red Cross" nurse
 Of second birth control?

But grace of God in ambient air,
Expanding to our proffer'd pray'r,
 Is still within our reach;
And nature with her fading bloom,
Insensate in the human loom
 Must still a lesson preach.

The things of life are easy now;
Upon our path, before our plow
 All hills are sloping down;
For with the Cross—investiture—
Those things are gliding swift and sure
 Unto the sere and brown.

Thus gliding down 'twixt fear and wrath,
Somewhere upon the ambush path
 We meet the angel "Death"—
This body then, will turn to clay;
That vision grabs our soul away,
 Its spectre takes our breath!

Within that cell, or narrow room;
All other cells then meet their doom
 In passing through that door;
And judgment of the Savior mild,
Is proffer'd to the sinful child
 On that eternal shore.

The spirit that in life could feel
Each sentimental wall conceal
 The grandeur of his soul;
Must then with grace be still imbued,
And penitential acts renewed
 In purgator'al scroll.

Each sin of life, each blandishment,
Must have its due of punishment
 Where justice is revealed—
'Till farthings of all earthly glint
Are melted in that saving mint,
 And there with fire annealed.

Not burning bush, but burning soul,
Is livid as a diamond coal
 In furnace purified;—
Thus shall the soul then gladly stray,
As Peter on the "Appian Way",
 Who like a Martyr died.

Fair Lady by the Tiber's wave,
Who built upon St. Peter's grave
 In Faith, earth's greatest Shrine—
Behold the Church in retrospect!
Put only sin the "Architect"
 Can build my "Mamertine!"

How long shall be duration's call,
Where sin can throw its arching pall
 Within that midway land?
How long shall fire be "Red Cross" nurse,
Where nature has no drilling force,
 And Time has no command!

Then think of me when passion's rust
Is burning 'neath the planet's crust,
 And let your prayers increase;
For thus with God's eternal laws,
And charter'd with a demon clause,
 This Hill has there a "Lease!"

The summer solstice in its swing,
Shall many times returning bring
 Its joy to Mother Earth;—
But there within that anchor'd tomb,
My soul must thirst until that womb
 Bestows a second birth.

At length the sound of flut'ring wing,
And voice of angel there shall ring:
 "Arise to reach your goal!"
"The Blood of Christ must still atone,
That last 'Black Mass' on Altar Stone
 Has freed your erring soul!"

No joy of life refulgent here,
Could reach such high ecstatic cheer
 To youth that never dies—
Far! Far! Away from earthly things,
Far out beyond dull Saturn's rings
 A soul and angel flies!

What vision's of eternal light,
Shall break upon my joyous sight
 Where Christ eternal reigns!
What pleasures in the passing here,
What "pockets" in its atmosphere
 Can stop soul "aeroplanes?"

For far above the "Milky Way"
No sound of earth comes into play
 Amid those moving spheres;
How vain the thought of yesterday,
In that great light of astral ray
 How small the earth appears?

Another view sweeps all before—
The glory on that starry shore—
Of Him who said: "I am!"
The Light that shone in Palestine,
And still reflects in light Divine
The "Pathway" of the "Lamb!"

Nay, there above in mansions great,
Our souls reflect the new-born state,
And there God's face shall see—
'Mid ecstasy of Cherubim,
Unending song of Seraphim—
Peace! Peace! A Jubilee!

“VIVE LA VOYAGEUR”

(To Father Leo, O. S. B.)

Your path is set unto the East,
To reach your native land;
And blessings to impart as priest
With Sacerdotal hand.

The voices heard in early youth
On boyhoods ardent shore;
Re-echo still in living truth
Out near the Labrador.

The pulse that beat a Celtic drum
So many years for you;
Is beating still the message, Come!
And hear its music too.

The boyhood friends of other days
Have changed like tides of time—
But waves that seek Newfoundland Bays
Still keep the same old rhyme.

The iceberg sons of glacier peers
Are floating still the while,
And dashing waves as chevaliers
Still court the same “Belle Isle!”

Far out to sea the polar bear
With boneless neck is seen,
And Notre Dame is staging there
Some song of Mermaid Queen.

Adjacent lands 'mid solitudes
Retain their astral view;
In lordly halls—primeval woods—
Range moose and caribou.

Should iceberg zone be chilly there
To bathe with fond delights;
Then, 'neath the shower'd astral glare,
Bathe in the Northern Lights!

Such are the scenes your native land
Presents as wreath to you;
Whilst we expect from Newfoundland
A moose or caribou.

This sunset land—a fond request—
Resounds o'er wood and mere:
“Back to the West, the peaceful West,
With all you commandeer!”

Each Cascade lock, and mountain dell
Reverberates in air—
Where “Hood” sings out as Sentinel—
“Return, bon Voyageur!”

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